

SACRED FRIENDSHIP;

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CASE OF
ELIJAH AND ELISHA,

A

S E R M O N,

PREACHED MARCH the 5th.

On the DEATH of Mrs. ELIZA TURNER,
who died Feb. 21, 1786, aged 34 Years.

To which, by particular Desire, are added,

Several RELIGIOUS POEMS,

Composed by the above much-lamented L A D Y.

By the Rev. DANIEL TURNER, A.M.
WOOLWICH, KENT. ✕

Quis desiderio fit pudor aut modus
• Tam cari capitis?

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXVI.



TO THE
WORTHY INHABITANTS OF
WOOLWICH,
THIS SERMON,
PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST,
IS HUMBL Y INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR MUCH OBLIGED,
AND MOST OBEDIENT,
HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is highly proper to inform the candid Reader, that when the following Sermon was preached, the Author stood in a very singular predicament; consequently, it contains the natural effusion of his feelings at the time. He frequently starts from the friendship of the Prophets to that subsisting betwixt man and wife, sister and brother, and the like, as in the eighth page, without peculiarly marking the transition; if in other parts he hath done the same, he trusts the discernment of it is easy.



A
S E R M O N.

II KINGS, ii Chap. 5 Ver.

And the sons of the Prophets that were at Jericho, came to Elisha, and said unto him; Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master from thy head to day? And he answered, Yea, I know it—hold you your peace.

FRIENDSHIP is a virtue, which the moralists, whether philosophers, historians, or poets of all ages, and under every dispensation, have agreed to praise. Their sentiments on this point have been more uniformly just, than those they have uttered

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on

on any other, although perhaps equally important to the well-being of society, and virtuous deportment in life. But however unanimously the wise have discoursed of it, they, with the bulk of mankind, have loudly complained of its being misunderstood, and severely inveighed against the perversion of it in practice. Nor is this any thing more, than what every day's experience tells us, even that some of those, who are the most deficient in fulfilling its various duties, will found the shrillest trumpet in its praise.

Hence may we not affirm friendship to be the easiest counterfeited of all the moral virtues, seeing the deceit will sometimes elude detection, to the very last moment of life: the veil may be so thick, as to prevent tolerable acuteness and penetration from discerning the truth. Actions are the sole unequivocal test of it, yet incidental circumstances may so peculiarly interpose, that these shall never be perfectly clear or decisive.

Many

Many definitions of it have been given, and doubtless a number of good ones.— Might I presume to hazard my own, I would call it an union of souls, built upon just principles, and cemented by similar views and affections. Should any one call to my recollection a better, I have not the least objection to adopt it. We grant there are many singularly striking instances of this virtue recorded in the classic page, where for one another they even dared to die, notwithstanding that the principal object, probably, was the bubble reputation; which the most worthy characters have not always obtained; and which many excellent one's have often easily lost. The obscure and erroneous notions of the heathen world, respecting a future state of rewards and punishments, contributed very little in this case, nor could much operate towards the purifying, or enlargement of friendship.

Under Revelation things wear a nobler aspect, there sacred friendship spurns the narrow limits of time;---darts into the

invisible world of spirits, and counts on eternity, as the parallel to its own duration and perfection. This lessens not its attention to temporals, or the minutest concerns of a present life: on the contrary, it heightens the assiduity, and improves the pleasure arising from the discharge of every tender office. Wherever christianity hath erected its standard, and the Bible lies open to general search, my opinion hath invariably been, that without religion is the ground work, there can be no permanent friendship; and where it hath been entered into on this score, no troubles can destroy—no trials can weaken—no dangers can dismay it:—nay, when the pulse beats lowest, this heaven-born principle—this truly etherial seed will bud—it will blossom in the grave, and bring forth fruit through all eternity.

This brings me to the celebrated instance in my text, which I can truly say, was impressed on my mind, months before the mournful occasion of applying it took place,

place. Let us now, with becoming reverence, enquire into its particulars.

Elijah was the glorious type of Christ's ascension under the law, as Enoch had been before it. Like our Saviour in many things, besides the following, the first part of his life we know little or nothing of. About our Redeemer, from the time of his being worshipped by the wise men, and acknowledged in the Temple, except his disputing with the Doctors, when nearly twelve years of age, till he entered on his public ministry, the Scriptures are silent. Like a blazing meteor, Elijah starts out in full splendour upon our judgment, as he did in awful conviction on the Israelitish monarch; and every circumstance of his life, every part of his character is pious, heavenly, wonderful, and astonishing. His zeal for the Lord of Hosts was superlatively great:—it swallowed up all other concerns—it was as his meat and his drink; yea more, when he apprehended he could be of no farther service in the cause of truth and virtue; he sits down
under

under a juniper tree, and earnestly longs to die. Yet with all his integrity, this more than honest man, had his share of troubles, and, like most other good men, chiefly from quarters whence he least deserved them, and from persons whom he had not a little obliged. This hath been the common requital, of the highest degrees of worth and rectitude in all ages. He had been of service to his country, which nevertheless neglected him :—in an eminent manner he had served his King ; yet instead of courtly favours, which the wicked and the priests of Baal enjoyed, he wanted ordinary protection, and felt all the rigours of poverty. By the solitary banks of Cherith he sat, without friends, or the means of subsistence, and would have died of want, had not a raven by divine command been sent to feed him.—Observe the ways of Him who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working. If his ungrateful countrymen desert the Prophet, a raven shall be sent to feed him, rather than he shall starve. High commissions, or trying acts of obedience under Providence,

Providence, and in the cause of truth, have corresponding promises of aid annexed to them by the Almighty, who, to use the language of Scripture, never sends any a warfare on their own charges.

This good man had also his share of persecution. Hear that disgrace to her sex, the unrelenting Jezabel, swear against his life; thereby adding idolatry to injustice, for she swore by her gods. As a man he feels the burden—the unmerited burden which he was made to bear, and almost sinks under the apprehension of its consequences; on which I will not say, where was the God? but where was the faith of Elijah?—Amidst this melancholy gloom he is however refreshed with tokens of divine love, and receives a commission to anoint Hazael, Jehu, and Elisha, the last his own successor, chose from humble life. There is something remarkable in his call, as may be seen from perusing the context. He appears to have possessed warm attachments, and quick feelings, the usual concomitants of a good heart: when
divine

divine grace truly calls the soul, it leaves all to follow Christ.

The Prophet Elijah went through a variety of embarrassing scenes after this, in which the faithful Elisha bore his part. He did many wonderful works, which secured the esteem, and fired the zeal of his successor. If such their public life, what must their private have been ! —O the social enjoyment !—O the improving hours spent in wisdom's ways, by two such pure and kindred souls !—How sweetly would the one instruct, how eagerly would the other learn ? Every topic of discourse would be divine, and every effect be good and great : each pleasure would be doubled, and each care divided ; vanity could not be said to be stamped on their enjoyments ; though, as they were men, transitory, in large capitals certainly was. Death alone could prove this. The warmest love---the justest esteem---the purest friendship---the closest ties of nature must be dissolved ; for this is not our rest, and in the agonizing hour of separation,

separation, nought but religion can bear our spirits up, shewing to our faith an unchangeable God, with endless happiness in his presence.

The time drew near, when Elijah was to receive the highest instance of divine approbation, which could well be given on this earth, that he had wrought righteousness, finished his course, and pleased God. There was to be ocular demonstration of his entrance into a glorious immortality. From the mercy and promises of the Divine Being, flowing through the New Covenant channel, in a Savior's blood; and from the conformity in the hearts and lives of good men, to what the Gospel requires, we justly infer that they at death rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Whereas in the case of Elijah there was to be positive evidence for this. Ahab—Benhadad—Ahaziah, ye boasting monarchs, before whom the venerable Prophet stood, what were your crowns and sceptres compared to this? Or what your proudest armies, either in point of honor, courage, or

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power,

power, to this glorious squadron of angels, who were sent to escort him to the upper skies, to the land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign? Him I say, who had neither money to buy bread, nor a home to shelter him from the piercing cold, but either fed by miracle, or, comparatively, happy, when an humble widow divided her scanty pittance with him. Blush opulence—take physic pomp—and be ashamed ye hard unfeeling bosoms, that ever injured or neglected a valuable man, because he was poor.

Nor are guardian angels limited to the translation of Elijah. Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth in behalf of those who shall be heirs of salvation? They surround the death-bed of every saint, and when weeping relatives and friends are hanging over the darkening eye—the black lip—the pale cheek—the feeble pulse—and stiffening joints, they are watching nature's parting throb, and gladly convey the soul, freed from its prison and its clay, to the spirits of just men made perfect, to
myriads

myriads of angels, to the presence of its Redeemer, the bosom of its Father and its God.

Doubtless Elijah, who had stood so high in the divine favor, had many previous intimations, inwardly given him, of the time and circumstances of his translation, which would add wings to his love and faith; nay quicken even his holy preparation for the blissful change. The voice of every monitor is heard by the truly upright in heart, and it generally grows stronger, the nearer the person is to the final recompense of reward. Numbers, ere they have left this weary pilgrimage, have experienced most enrapturing manifestations of a Redeemer's love, shed abroad in their hearts, through the sanctification of the Holy Spirit, and a belief of the truth, and of their connection with him, yielding them rich foretastes of eternal pleasures; they have enjoyed bright Pisgah views of the inheritance; and thence, even on this side the grave, caught a portion both of the spirit and language of the inhabitants, which hath burst forth in the

animated strains of devotion, or been displayed in calm resignation, and majestic serenity.

Many things about his leaving this world, whether relating to himself, his successor, the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, or the cause of truth at large, this holy man had probably dropped, when in private conversation with his dear Elisha, as appears from the answer given by him to the mournful question in the text—Yea I know it. There is no doubt but Elijah had said all he could to comfort him, under a sense of this loss, and had urged every thing tending to strengthen him for his ensuing work, and whatever difficulties he might have to encounter, drawn chiefly from religious sources, and the fittest arguments which good sense would suggest, at so melancholy a parting. At such soul-distressing periods, the survivor is oftener to be pitied than the person departing; nor is it improbable, that the latter, in many cases, feels far more for the situation of the survivor, than he does for himself: witness Elijah's anxiety to leave Elisha,

Elisha, in order to spare his sensibility and friendship their severest trial.

What passed between them, just before the period our text alludes to, Scripture hath not said. Assuredly the vain blandishments of sense, with the gaudy appendages of wealth and places, affected them not, nor could engage their slightest attention. Each terrestrial scene sunk low in their minds, now engaged with the sublimest objects of contemplation, and the as yet, ideal solemnities of the approaching catastrophe. All their discourse would be heavenly in its nature, and lasting in its impressions, especially on the heart of the worthy Elisha. What must then have been the conflicting passions in his dejected breast! O the pangs, the soul-wreathing pangs, of that emphatic word farewell, to hearts fraught with the nicest sensibility, which well and long have most intensely loved.

This is not all—the matter it seems was publicly known among the prophets, for those at Bethel came out and said, “Knowest thou,

“ thou, that the Lord will take away thy
 “ master from thy head to-day ?” To
 whom with a heavy, yet resigned heart, he
 answers, “ Yea, I know it.” Once more,
 from real regard, Elijah tries to persuade
 him to stay there—Perhaps this was the
 only request he could have made in vain.
 Pure friendship is equal to every attempt,
 nor dreads any risque, to serve the object
 beloved. “ As the Lord liveth, and as thy
 “ soul liveth, I will not leave thee,” re-
 plied the generous Elisha—The parting em-
 brace—the last sight of my much-loved
 companion and friend shall be mine. The
 beaming affection, to me, of that eye,
 which closes on the world, must invigorate
 my virtue, and ever after smoothe the rugged
 paths of life.

They journey on to Jericho, where the
 sons of the prophets also meet them, with
 the same language as those of Bethel, and
 receive the same answer. Both the question
 and the answer might be considered in several
 points of view ; permit me to state two of
 them.

The

The first is, as if they had said, “Knowest thou, that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?”—Him on whom thou in a great measure depends, for all thou standest in need of, or enjoyest; whose power protects thee; whose wisdom directs thee; whose character shields thee; whose goodness gives thee consequence; whose tenderness alleviates thy cares, and soothe thy mind to peace; in whose life thou hast seen unfeigned virtue, sincerity and truth, in their fairest attractions, and in whose death thou shalt behold religion in her noblest triumphs.

To which the pious Elisha replies—I know it well. Think you Providence would have called me to the trial, without preparing me for it? Does he ever willingly afflict the children of men? or chastise them without intending their advantage? My heart, by nature frail, might be apt to murmur, did not faith in the divine promise forbid my fear, enabling me to say, Blessed be his name—he takes but what he gave—Thanks to him for the precious boon
I had

I had - and now that it is to be resumed, may the gracious and benign influences, be more and more deeply engraved on my heart, and visible in my walk through life.

The other point of view in which the question of the prophets may be put is, as if they had said—Seeing thou art to lose thy master to-day, what will become of thee?

The reply in answer to this, may be supposed to intimate the following reflections. Great as the blessing was—the Giver of it is greater still. In him do I trust—nor is his arm shortened that it cannot save. Although my Elijah, cloathed in white, be warbling perfect praises in the presence of him who fills the topless throne; still my Elijah's God, and my God rules the affairs of men, and will proportion my strength to the burden, which his own dear hand imposes. What he takes from my comforts on one side, he will supply on the other, and grant me blessings more divine, if not in this world,

world, most certainly in the next. Therefore, notwithstanding the value of your character, being sons of the prophets, and your right on other occasions to speak, yet here, hold your peace; neither arraign the divine procedure, which must be just, for Infinite Wisdom cannot err; nor say aught, which might create discontent and repining in my breast. In like manner does the firm believer in Jesus act, though under peculiar pressures, he may find it the hardest exercise he ever had, and the most painful lesson to learn.

Besides being warmed with these truths, which, I trust, naturally arose from the subject, need I point out the present application? Know ye not that the Lord hath taken from me—Her, who was my steadiest counsellor—my dearest companion—and kindest friend—in one expressive word, my wife? Her father died when a young man, and her mother was much respected amongst you. She whose death I deplore, nor I alone, for, could it be any ease to me, there are, and long will be, many associates in my

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grief

grief—She, I say, was early acquainted with misfortunes, and to her, they were sanctified indeed. From her youth upwards, warmed with the justest notions of God and virtue, she took refuge in religion, and adorned it by her spotless life. Prudent when single—industrious when married—fond, but not improperly partial, when a mother—strict, but kind and mild, as a mistress to her servants—she managed her family with oeconomy, and true affability. Diligent as a teacher, not only to instruct, but to allure the young mind to piety and goodness; in every character she secured esteem, and, in her humble station, few ever met with more universal respect*. So equal was her deportment, that she made

* One instance, to which I cannot forbear paying this small tribute was, that a neighbouring clergyman, unsolicited, preached an excellent Sermon on the occasion; and, though but of late years he had been acquainted with her, yet, in the opinion of those who had known her from her infancy, numbers of whom were in the audience, he drew her character, in a just and affecting manner.

no enemies, and she lost no friends. The very tale of woe most poignantly afflicted her; and oft have I seen her burst into tears, at the simple recital of distress.

Such was her love of justice, and respect to public estimation, that one of her first acts, after she came of age, was to sell an estate to discharge the debts of her father; and when it was urged, that this was more than most people would do, and might hurt her future connections, she replied, however small the trifle that might remain, whoever objected to her upon that account, was unworthy of her, had she possessed ten times the whole.

Blest with a fine genius and rich fancy, which principally led her to poetry; though in prose her judgment was mature, and her style correct, her various performances gained many admirers among the learned, to whom she was not personally known.

Happy with her lot, she only wished for health to enjoy what Providence had kindly

given, and rear to virtue and knowledge, the pledges of conjugal love. Life! what a vapour, what a shadow art thou! A cold, unattended to, brought on an asthma, which terminated in a rapid consumption. This baffled the skill of some of the first medical characters, not only in this, but in a neighbouring kingdom. When they told her *Materia Medica* could not avail, not a murmur escaped her lips. In patience she possessed her soul. Gave, with a calmness scarce paralleled, every direction about her death and funeral; nor discovered the least symptom of fear or dread, at the approach of the stern Conqueror, who grew mild as he drew nearer to her. During the broken slumbers she got the night before she died, she uttered many sweet ejaculatory prayers, and thanked in particular the Surgeon, who last attended her, for his assiduity and generous acts of kindness, which gratitude bids me tell, since her death, he hath indeed much extended.

When I pressed her to let some friends sit that night with her, for she herself
thought

thought it would be the last. No, said she—Thy faithful arms will bear me up. At half past eight in the morning, of February 21st, I rang her bell for some drink, different from what stood by her—She begged me to hold her up—I said, How great are thy sufferings!—Call ye this suffering, replied she—Well, I shall soon rejoice!—My gracious God, is it thus thou callest me?—'Tis hard, continued she to die; but immediately as it were checked herself, and said, but not to me, through the merits of my dearest Saviour, in whom I have believed. A few broken religious sentiments, were afterwards uttered with a feeble voice, till at about a quarter past nine in the morning, she laid back her head in my arms, and expired in the triumph of faith, and confidence of the just, in the thirty-fourth year of her age. May my last end, and that of her children, be like hers. She hath left four, and the two youngest under thirty-three months.

O what a mother these babes have lost!—May the Lord raise them up friends,

friends, and enable me to provide for them. Every parent's breast must feel for me, nor can the good heart refuse me sympathy. May the affliction be sanctified to my own soul, and fit me, by pursuing the gospel paths she trod, to reach, through the cleansing blood of the Redeemer, the place where in glory now enthroned she sits. Her virtues I hope have made a lasting impression; and the best proof I can give of my affection for her memory, shall be displayed in the most pointed attention to our equally dear offspring, whose minds, may the holy spirit enrich with grace and truth—make them useful in life—happy at death—and blessed through all eternity.

Permit me to thank the inhabitants at large, for the concern they expressed during her tedious indisposition, and every one in particular, several of whom I see in this audience, whose tender offices were multiplied cheerfully towards her: you had also her warmest thanks. May all bemoaning the loss of husbands, wives,
or

or children, learn resignation, and be made to see the end, why our merciful Father sends such visitations. — Ye males — Ye females ; married or single, young or old, sickly or strong, amidst all your enjoyments, live mindful of death, since that inexorable foe to human nature ; equally beats at the cottages of the poor, and the palaces of Kings. May we then all live the life of the righteous, that we may die their death ; for the sake, and through the all-atoning merits of Jesus Christ the Redeemer, to whom, with God the Father and Blessed Spirit, one God, be endless and undivided praise, for ever and ever. AMEN.

over and over. At the

N O T E.

The Reader will please to observe, that the few religious Poems, added by particular desire, were composed by the late Mrs. Turner, who published previous to her marriage, of course under the name of Eliza Gilding, a volume of Miscellanies, called, "The BREATHINGS of GENIUS," and was the author of those pieces in verse and prose, which for years past, under the signatures of ELIZA, or SOPHRONIA, appeared in the periodical publications. All which I have in manuscript, and should a favourable opportunity offer, would, with pleasure, in a collected and digested form, lay before the Public.

There are a few Copies remaining of the above Volume, which may be had at Mr. DOMVILLE's, under the Royal-Exchange ; or, of the Rev. DANIEL TURNER, at Woolwich.

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A Mother's Prayer for her Infant Son.

SINCE thou kind heav'n has one choice blessing sent,
And that alone cannot ensure content ;
I'm led by thee, to waft the ardent pray'r,
To ask in hope—and asking not despair ;
I lift my voice—to thee my sighs ascend,
On thee my firm reliance doth depend.
Soon as my infant learns to lisp thy praise,
So early keep him from contagious ways.
Touch his young mind with thy celestial love,
In this, as years glide on, may he improve !
As Samuel call him, 'ere he knows to sin ;
And let Religion with his thought begin.
If spar'd to tread the dang'rous time of life,
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife.
The most he sees will tend but to destroy,
His mental peace, and sap all future joy.
When keen temptation shall his mind assail,
When science may o'er piety prevail,
When daring blasphemers in polish'd stile,
Mislead his judgment, or his taste beguile ;
Then be thou near, from the abyss to save,
Nor let thy ransom'd find so foul a grave.

When riper years lead to more busy life,
 When pleasures court, and when misfortunes rise,
 Croud at her back, let Reason teach to shun
 The quicksands where ten thousands are undone :
 Let ev'ry virtue which can mark him thine,
 In all his actions eminently shine.
 In all afflictions teach him to submit,
 And still adore because thou see'st them fit.
 When sober thought, and life's maturer stage,
 Crown'd with the marks of reverential age,
 Denounce his pilgrimage almost at end,
 Then to his feeble steps assistance lend.
 Be thou his support, as his years decline—
 In life—in death——O make him ever thine !—

*On the Death of HENRY, her fourth Child,
 who died within the Month, the following was
 written before she left her Chamber.*

THE traveller wearied in some dreary way,
 Hastes to the goal impatient of delay,
 So my weak frame, with its dear burthen prest,
 Long'd for the hour which gave maternal rest.
 It came, and heav'n with interposing love,
 Bade me new life, and tender mercies prove ;
 Again my eyes, thee, dearest man, beheld,
 While in my arms the gentle stranger smil'd.

Near

Near me my eldest hope, with eager look,
 His prior claim to tenderness bespoke.
 Nor less my soul beheld her absent part,
 My much lov'd Mary hung upon my heart ;
 Imagination lent her fav'ring aid,
 And plac'd before my eyes the infant maid.
 Near me that friend, whose soul with ours entwin'd,
 Shares in our griefs—most exquisitely kind ;
 Or bids our joys, new joys to her secure,
 Fix'd as the eternal hills, which aye endure.
 By kindness brought, three well lov'd friends I see,
 Weep as I weep—or smile—or sigh with me.
 Such comforts in the hour of nature's strife,
 Call back to earth, and make us long for life.
 Yet lest the strong attachment conquer sense,
 And chain us to those scenes of impotence ;
 Lest some dear idol steal each fond desire,
 Infinite wisdom tries us by a fire :
 Pledges of love to crown our wishes giv'n,
 This day we clasp—the next recall'd by heav'n ;
 They soar superior to our sight and tears,
 Eternally secured from mortal fears ;
 Clothed in bright rays of pure celestial day,
 In sweet repose at Jesus' feet they lay ;
 Or lull'd in clouds, 'mongst the seraphic band,
 Soft notes of praise they strike at God's command.
 Shall feeble nature dare to arraign his will—
 Shall saints refuse his pleasure to fulfill ?
 Should he demand each infant he hath given ;
 Would we withhold them from all-pitying Heav'n ?

Here Nature hesitates, and we rebel,
 Fain would the uplifted arm death's dart repel.

For Oh ! my Henry, when he shook the spear,
 And my drench'd eyes saw thy deliv'rer near ;
 When thy deep groans struck daggers to my soul,
 Eager my will, and anxious to controul.
 I hop'd 'gainst hope—o'erwhelm'd with grief I lay,
 Wish'd for thy rest—yet weeping for thy stay ;
 Then was I weak indeed—the Christian where ?
 Slave of affection—captive child of fear ;
 I could not think to part, scarce dar'd to say
 Bear him, ye angels, to his God away !

Religion frown'd, its still small voice commands,
 Unnumber'd comforts granted from my hands ;
 Unnumber'd blessings shower'd upon thy head,
 To resignation should thy soul have led.

But ling'ring still I gaz'd on thy dear frame,
 Nature and folly diff'ring but in name :
 Asham'd—dismay'd—in agonizing woe,
 I bade my tears begone—I let them flow ;
 'Twas then my husband, anxious for my peace,
 Pity'd my weakness, bade my sorrows cease ;
 And, while the sigh parental rent his soul,
 While the half-hidden tear in silence stole,
 His lips upon their fav'rite theme employ'd,
 Of Jesus spoke—and all my doubts destroy'd :
 Peace from the Gospel to my mind he gave,
 And when my infant died, I was no more a slave.

Peace rest thine ashes, while upon thy grave,
 Soft recollection's tender tear we shed ;
 Thy early death the thought of our's shall pave,
 Nor will we mourn, as without hope, Thee dead.

Wing'd

Wing'd on his way, while hasty-footed Time,
 Reaps a rich harvest for the Son of God ;
 'Tis our's, in meditation blest to climb,
 And drown our sins in Jesu's healing blood.



*Wrote, when sitting alone by the Coffin of Eliza,
 her fifth Child, who only lived thirty-three Days,
 and was the third that died.*

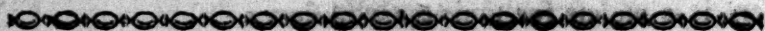
HERE end a parent's cares—a parent's woe ;
 Here it is useless for their tears to flow :
 Where's now the anxious dread of ill to come ?
 Material evil cannot reach the tomb.
 There all's serene as now thy settled look,
 Of agonizing pain it late partook.
 For, oh, my child, with what afflictive smart,
 Thy stare of anguish rent my bleeding heart !
 Now I behold thee safely at the goal,
 No wave of mis'ry o'er thy head can roll :
 No need of human help, thy aid's divine,
 Making the morning of thy days to shine
 With a resplendent glory, e'er you knew,
 The path of good or evil to pursue.

“ Thrice his darts flew,” and thrice my fears hath slain,
 For man disquieteth himself in vain.
 Pleas'd we behold our infant blossoms rise,
 When snatch'd away our ev'ry pleasure dies.

Then

Then be it mine the goodness to adore,
 Which now bereaves—now blesses us the more :
 And while one hand the gentle spirit bears
 To realms unfully'd, or with sighs, or tears ;
 The other kindly rears, and still sustains,
 Two darling hopes to soften all our pains.
 They, young Probationers, shall later prove
 The sovereign pow'r of a Redeemer's love.

Farewel, sweet babe ! the last sad look did move,
 Each strong emotion of a mother's love !
 Farewel—the rushing tear beclouds my eyes ;
 Farewel, my babe !—and oh, be hush'd my sighs !



A Thanksgiving after being in Child-bed of Catharine, her sixth, who still lives.

HARROW'D with anguish, shall the shaken soul
 Refuse its praises to th' Almighty pow'r ?
 Who bid the vital springs maintain their stay,
 And aid their conflict in the doubtful hour.

While the keen hunter, whose time-bounded chace,
 Bids him not lose one second as he flies,
 Made near approach, as oft he makes to man,
 And kindly warns him, ere he's struck and dies.

Ah ! no, my soul, in adoration bent,
 His mercy, truth, and goodness, shall relate :
 Her incense on the wings of eve shall rise,
 Nor morning see her gratitude abate.

Fast

Fast as the hasty-footed hours glide on,
 So fast the treasures of his love are giv'n :
 He crowns with blessings minutes as they roll,
 To lead the heart in gentle bands to heav'n.

Rise then my thoughts beyond terrestrial things,
 Nor let the claims of husband—infants—hold
 Thy keen attachment to earth's boasted good,
 Which in oblivion soon shall be inroll'd.

But pressing boldly to the heav'nly gate,
 Bind on thy breast their dear immortal souls :
 There plead incessant for thyself and them,
 'Tis there no pow'r thy ardent love controlls.

Thy holy violence shall be approv'd,
 Thy ev'ry sigh shall meet a blest return ;
 Be quick each pow'r of heart and soul to praise,
 And let the flame for ever, ever burn.

Yet soft affection need not be effac'd,
 Or those dear ties neglected on the road ;
 Deep in our breast on tend'rest wishes borne,
 They more intensely fire our zeal for God.

Still may my faith upon his truth rely,
 Still may my hopes trust firmly on his word ;
 There grapes surpassing Escol's fertile land,
 To pious minds the richest joys afford.

LOVE DIVINE.

NATURE through her works doth praise,
 Him, who form'd this wond'rous ball;
 Loud each heart doth anthems raise
 To thy name, Great All in All.
 Man alone can sleep supine,
 'Midst the works of Love Divine.

Morning, clad in blue-ey'd beams,
 Wakes ev'ry songster on the spray;
 Man, for whom such goodness streams,
 Man, more negligent than they,
 On his pillow doth recline,
 Careless about Love Divine.

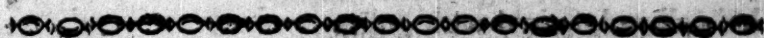
While the Sun his daily round
 Thro' empyreal tracts performs,
 Man—Nature's priest, a-kin is found,
 To dust, to ashes, and to worms.
 Man alone doth praise decline,
 Favor'd child of Love Divine.

Mercy in a flowing tide,
 Waits to wash his guilt away;
 Jesus fain would be his guide,
 Calling—Sinners, I'm the Way,
 The Truth—the Life—whoe'er is mine,
 Shall taste the joys of Love Divine.

Hear

Hear him mortals—hark ! his voice,
 Bids your drowsy souls awake :
 Lo ! he calls you to rejoice,
 And of purchas'd blifs partake :
 Bids you make him wholly thine,
 Surely this is Love Divine.

Let the world forego its hold,
 Quit its unsubstantial joys ;
 Sell not mental peace for gold,
 Never pant for childish toys.
 Make thy God—thy Savior thine,
 Nothing equals Love Divine.



An HYMN on hearing the Church Bell toll.

HARK !—from far the solemn sound,
 The knell of some departed soul ;
 Mournful as the widow's sigh,
 Is each dismal piercing toll.

Weary pilgrim art thou landed ?
 Hast thou found the happy shore ?
 Where thy griefs and fears are ended,
 Where no ills annoy thee more.

What blifs feels the captive ransom'd,
 Who on Jesu's words relied ?
 On the cross, with Christ their Savior,
 To all sinful pleasures died.

Their's the joy beyond expression,
 Their's the bliss that can't be nam'd;
 Who, the Gospel-truths careffing,
 Kept their zeal, tho' by men blam'd.

Worldly wise, ye self-deceivers,
 On your wisdom who depend,
 Fly to Jesus and his mercies,
 Make the Son of God your friend.

Hear him call, with words of comfort,
 Hear him bid his children haste;
 All the weary, heavy-laden,
 Of his wondrous love to taste.

Tho' polluted, stain'd with guilt,
 Scarlet-like with sin we are;
 Tears of sorrow for our errors,
 Faith and hope will make us fair.

He who felt th' extremes of evil,
 In his passion, on the cross,
 Opes his arms, cries Heav'n will save us,
 Mourns the sinking sinner's loss.

Prayer will gain us sure admittance,
 God doth hear and Christ reward;
 Firmly on Emanuel trusting,
 He will be our frailty's guard.

Through the maze of toil and error,
 His right-hand shall be our guide,
 To effulgent realms of glory,
 There to reign—and there reside.

*The Maid—Wife—and Widow—addressed to
her Daughters, and wrote only a few Months
before she died.*

SHOULD I be spar'd to guide your youth,
In all the paths of moral truth ;
This labor were a vain essay,
But I may soon be call'd away.

Your mem'ries cultivate with care,
Or all I write is wrote on air.
How are your early years employ'd ?
In play—Yes—play must be enjoy'd ;
But let the reas'ning moments share,
A little of your infant care.
And now you read—and work—and write—
Thus children can their friends delight.
Attentive, mind each teacher's rules,
Children, perverse, are worse than fools.

Now step by step you must ascend,
From play-mate to the name of friend.
Of your companions chuse the child,
Who loves the truth, whose temper's mild ;
One fond of quiet and of home,
So shall you never seek to roam,
Like idle girls, who wish to shew
How very little 'tis they know.

And, as your years increase apace,
Let Modesty adorn your face,

No learing—winking—shameless tricks,
 Which to the future life affix,
 The name disgraceful of coquette,
 Or speak a mind with faults beset.
 Let Virtue's ruling power preside,
 O'er all your thoughts, and be your guide :
 If you against her laws offend,
 Immediate sorrow will attend,
 Shun idle books—the novel race,
 Are oft the source of foul disgrace ;
 From them the tainted mind receives
 Those wounds which fancied passion gives.

When flatt'ry with delusive sound,
 Steals through the ears the heart to wound ;
 Let fear and diffidence be nigh,
 And to retirement often fly.
 Have few acquaintance—let them be,
 Never below equality ;
 Unless an elevated mind,
 Is with an humble fortune join'd.
 Be most with those whose years have taught,
 The vanity of human thought ;
 Which in our youth, on fancy's wings,
 Shews us but unsubstantial things.

Girls hear of love, and fond to hear,
 Embrace the foe they most should fear.
 Love is not in the flow of words,
 Pour'd forth by fashion's humming birds ;
 Who ev'ry girl alike address,
 Regardless of their happiness ;

And

And she who lends a willing ear,
Is wrong to count neglect severe.

Learn all the house wife's useful art,
That you instruction may impart ;
Or if your lot be humbly thrown,
To practise will be then your own.
Whene'er the moment shall arrive,
That your heart turns fugitive ;
Your mother's pray'r is——May the youth
Be blest with feeling and with truth ;
A foe to art, you both should be—
Bliss dwells but with sincerity.

Now on a tott'ring steep you stand,
With enemies on ev'ry hand,
View the abyss—and trembling see,
Your giddy sex fast to it flee.
Hark !——Prudence calls thee—she can shield
From all the ills that croud the field.
And now she warns of idle words,
And shews them turn'd to naked swords :
And now she idleness descrys,
Our greatest bane in deep disguise ;
Points where fame stands with envious eye,
The smallest errors to descry.
And as she speaks Religion calls—
Take shelter in my sacred walls ;
Here pleasure dwells, security
No footing finds, except with me ;
Peace, here her gentle banners spreads,
And virtue all the graces leads.

Attend

Attend the call, my children haste,
 'Till all your dang'rous years are past.

On L I F E.

AS the pure snow by ruffling winds when driv'n,
 Sweet fost'ring gift of an indulgent heav'n :
 And as the timid doe, whose swift alarm,
 All unoffending hath the power to charm,
Is Infancy.

As the fair spring in op'ning blossoms gay,
 As a bright rising sun portends the day :
 As the kind earth, by gentle dews refresh'd,
 So by the gifts of Education blest'd,
Is Youth.

As the tall cedar o'er the lesser trees,
 As the proud rivers more than fountains please :
 As the full sheaf rewarding labours past,
 Blest by the sun—nor hurt by noxious blast,
Is Manhood.

As the descending regent of the day,
 With milder radiance makes the heav'ns gay :
 So in the eve of life well-spent we find,
 The mind instructive—and the soul resign'd,
To Death in Age.

On

On CONTENTMENT.

THIS is life—and this is health,
 Not an eager thirst for wealth :
 Not ambitious rising hope,
 Airy phantom without prop,

But Contentment.

Not the sweetly varied scheme,
 Not the lover's fancied dream ;
 Or the thought extended wide,
 Over pleasure's flowing tide,

But Contentment.

Is it happiness we seek ?
 —Thus the lovely maid doth speak :
 Who with me would live shall find,
 A Gordian knot hath firmly join'd,

Me, with Contentment.

What on Earth can boast the power,
 To avert one gloomy hour :
 To allay the pangs of life,
 Soothe all care and calm all strife ?

But Contentment,

Hail

Hail thou sacred source of peace ! —
 Never, never, let me cease,
 Thy well known influence to proclaim,
 And celebrate the lovely name,
 Of blest Contentment



The Extent of Life's Variety:

JUST this little and no more,
 Is in ev'ry mortal's power :
 Each to say I tasted breath,
 But the cup was fraught with death.

I have sigh'd—have laugh'd—have wept,
 Wak'd to think, and thinking slept;
 Slept my weary limbs to rest,
 Wak'd with labour in my breast.

Met with sorrows haply o'er,
 Mix'd in pleasures now no more :
 Hop'd and fear'd with equal sense,
 Dup'd by many a slight pretence :

Soon shall my soul her veil throw by,
 My body with its kindred lie :
 Of this I'm certain, but the rest,
 Is lock'd within a higher breast.

On these sacred Words—"Let us make Man."

"LET us make man," in form divine,
The lovely transcript instant rose;
Reason superior bids him shine,
A perfect Whole fair Adam glows.

In Eden's bow'rs he often held
Sweet converse with his gracious God;
But disobedience soon expell'd,
And now, impure, he feels the rod.

Reason obscur'd, but dimly shews,
As in a glass, what man should know;
By slow degrees his knowledge grows,
Despoil'd by a most crafty foe.

Thus the fair landscape wears a stain,
Which nothing finite can efface;
The Law attempts, but strives in vain,
It can't the smallest speck efface.

And shall the work indeed remain
Defil'd?—Ah no!—a mean is found
It's former beauty to regain,
And purify the sully'd ground.

The last great stroke of art divine,
Is full Redemption's glorious plan;
Transcendent love crowns the design,
And over angels raises man.

A D O X O L O G Y.

S I N G praise to heav'ns eternal King,
 Hallelujah—Hallelujah—Hallelujah let us sing,
 Heav'n and earth give glory to the Lord,
 All things created by his word,
 Hallelujahs ceaseless sing :
 Praise to the eternal King,
 Glory—Honour—Praise and Power,
 Ascribe to God for evermore.

